



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



MICKEY FINN



SWING SISSON

# FEATURE

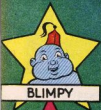
COMICS

AUGUST

**The DOLL MAN**  
ventures into  
**The Land Of  
MIDGET MEN!**



STILL  
**60  
PAGES**  
FOR  
**10¢**



BLIMPY



PERKY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN

No. 101





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# "PEPSI" ... THE PEPSI-COLA CO.

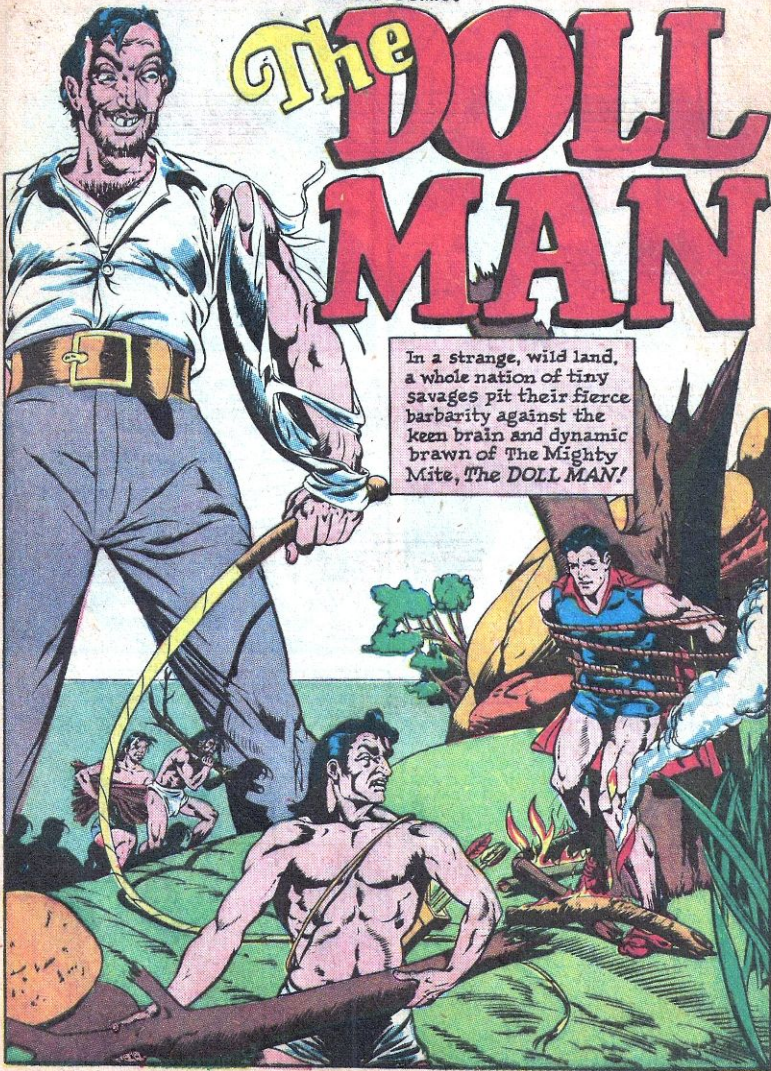


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# The DOLL MAN

In a strange, wild land,  
a whole nation of tiny  
savages pit their fierce  
barbarity against the  
keen brain and dynamic  
brawn of The Mighty  
Mite, The DOLL MAN!





At the country house of a famous explorer...

WHAT FASCINATES ME PARTICULARLY IS THAT THIS MAP SHOWS PLACE NAMES WHICH DO NOT APPEAR IN THE MOST DETAILED ATLASES! THEY ARE NAMES WHICH HAVE THE SOUND OF AN UNKNOWN LANGUAGE!



WELL, DARREL, THERE WERE TINY SPEARS AND LITTLE BOWS AND ARROWS! THEY DIDN'T LOOK LARGE ENOUGH TO BE OF ANY USE TO GROWN MEN... BUT, FOR THAT MATTER, THEY WERE TOO SMALL FOR CHILDREN'S TOYS... AND TOO DEADLY!

H'MMM!



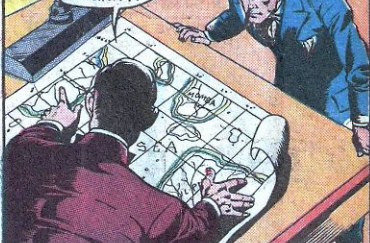
BUT SINCE I SAW SIGNS OF HUMAN LIFE, I KNOW THAT THE TERRAIN OF THE INNER AREA MUST BE VASTLY DIFFERENT AND THEREFORE IT COULD BE THE KIND OF COUNTRY FOR PLATINUM DEPOSITS!

TOO BAD DR. KADE DIDN'T TELL YOU MORE ABOUT IT BEFORE HE DIED!



ON MY EXPEDITION INTO THE SWAMP COUNTRY SURROUNDING THIS SEEMINGLY MORE HABITABLE AREA, I SAW DEFINITE SIGNS OF HUMAN LIFE IN THE VICINITY!

SUCH AS...?



DO YOU THINK IT'S TRUE THAT THIS INNER AREA CONTAINS HUGE PLATINUM DEPOSITS AS SHOWN ON THIS MAP?

YES! YOU SEE, DR. ROBERTS, WHEN I MADE MY EXPEDITION TO SIRATUBA TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, WE HAD NO WAY OF REACHING THIS INNER AREA THROUGH THE AWFUL SWAMP!



YES! KADE LEFT ME A LOT OF HIS POSSESSIONS WHICH HE NEVER SPOKE ABOUT! BUT I'M SURE THAT YEARS BEFORE I KNEW HIM, HE MUST HAVE MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE SIRATUBA SWAMPS AND DRAWN THIS MAP IN ONE OF THE FEW UNKNOWN LANDS LEFT IN THE WORLD!





POOR MISS ROBERTS, STUCK WITH THESE FUDGY DUDDIES AND A LOT OF NONSENSE ABOUT GEOGRAPHY! HOW ABOUT JOINING SOME OF THE MORE HUMAN GUESTS IN THE MUSIC ROOM? THEY'RE HAVING FUN IN THERE!



I'D LOVE TO, MR. GORNEY! DARREL PROBABLY WILL BE PORING OVER MAPS FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING!



I THINK YOU OUGHT TO ORGANIZE ANOTHER EXPEDITION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, DORN!

I INTEND TO, BUT IT'LL TAKE A LITTLE TIME! I WANT TO CHARTER A TRANSPORT PLANE AND TAKE ENOUGH EQUIPMENT SO I CAN STAY A LONG TIME AND STUDY THE INHABITANTS!



MARTHA! I FORGOT YOU WERE HERE! JOIN THE YOUNG FOLKS, BY ALL MEANS!

I SUPPOSE WE OUGHT TO JOIN THE OTHERS NOW!

AFRAID MARTHA WILL DISAPPEAR EH, DARREL? WELL, I DON'T BLAME YOU! BUT THE FACT IS, I'VE BEEN SO EXCITED ABOUT THIS MAP I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

Later...when Dr. Dorn's house guests have gone to bed....



SHUCKS! I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO MARTHA! MAYBE SHE HASN'T GONE TO BED YET! I THINK I'LL KNOCK ON HER DOOR AND APOLOGIZE FOR GETTING LOST IN THAT MAP AND NEGLECTING HER TONIGHT!

DON'T BOTHER! PUTTING THE MAP IN THE SAFE, DR. DORN! I'LL TAKE IT!



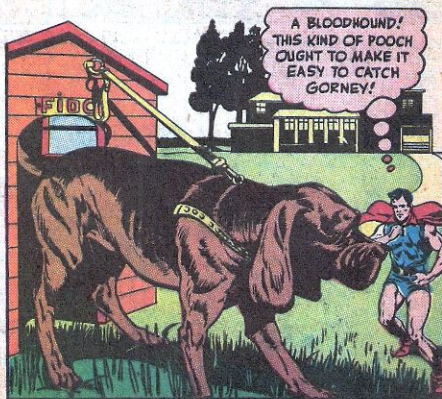
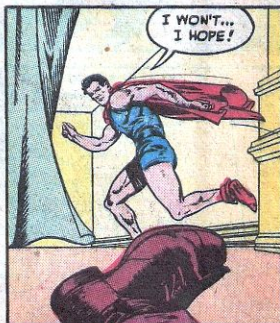
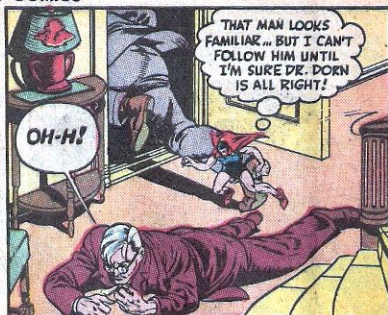
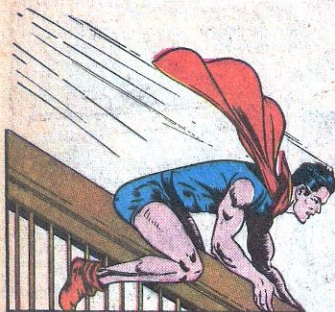
WHAT THE .... I LOOK HERE! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH ..... AGH-HH!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE DR. DORN... AND I HAVE AN IDEA HE NEEDS THE DOLL MAN'S HELP!



In a flash, Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body to become **THE DOLL MAN!**











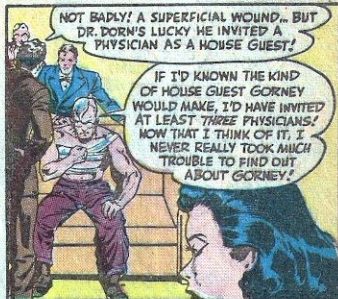
FEATURE COMICS



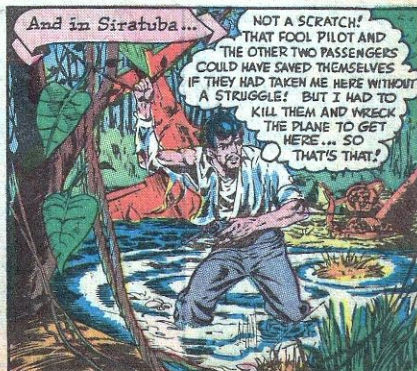
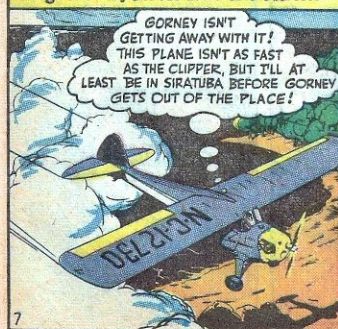
*The DOLL  
MAN becomes  
Darrel Dane...*





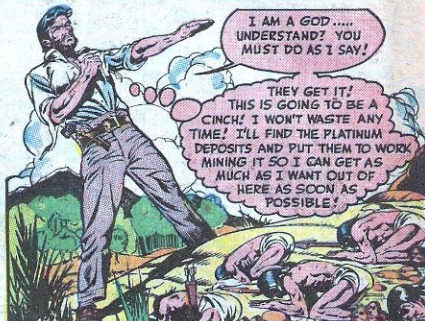


With one thought in mind, Darrel Dane wings his way across land and sea ....





FEATURE COMICS





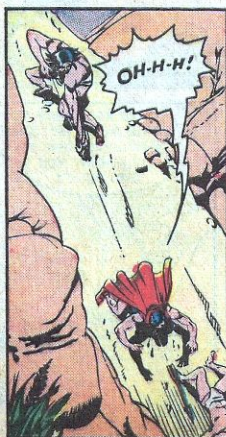






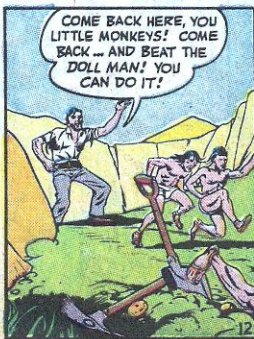


# FEATURE COMICS



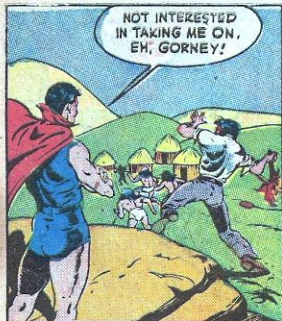


FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



YES... GORNEY'S GREED LED TO A LOT OF HORRIBLE DESTRUCTION! I'LL GET THE MAP FROM HIS POCKET, BUT I DON'T THINK ANYBODY'LL FEEL LIKE LOOKING FOR PLATINUM AFTER THIS



IF A CERTAIN TINY PERSON I KNOW DOESN'T GET BACK IN A HURRY AND BECOME DARREL DANE AGAIN, MARTHA ROBERTS IS GOING TO HAVE A LOT TO SAY ABOUT PEOPLE WHO DUCK OUT WITHOUT ANY EXPLANATION!



# PERKY

WHYNCHA  
C'M UP AN' SEE  
ME SOMETIME,  
BIG BOY?

TUT TUT,  
MISS WORM!  
YOU'RE JUST  
HANDING ME  
A LINE!

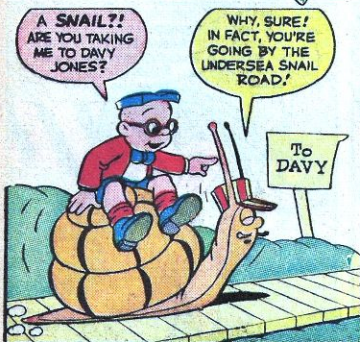
**I**t started with an amateur magician's vanishing box at the vaudeville show. When Perky volunteered to step into it, he thought he might vanish, but he didn't know that every time that phony magician would pull the lever on the box, instead of coming back to **THIS** world, he'd go flying off to worlds that lie beyond! Watch him as he prepares to land!

LAND?  
ALL I SEE  
IS WATER!

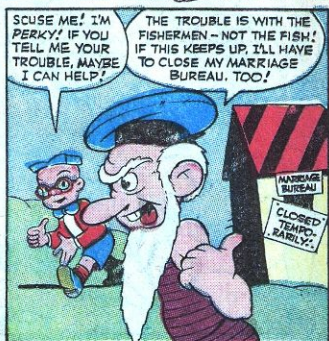
## SPLASH!



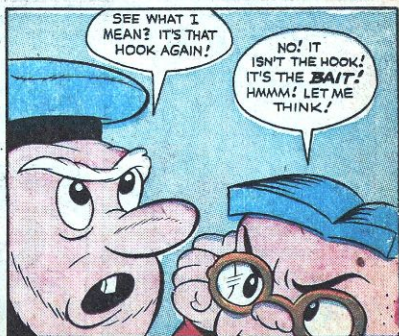
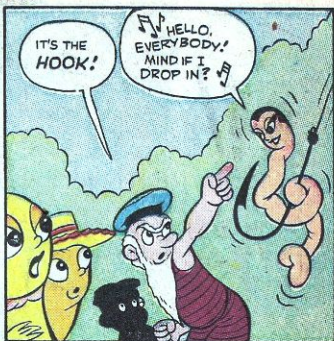




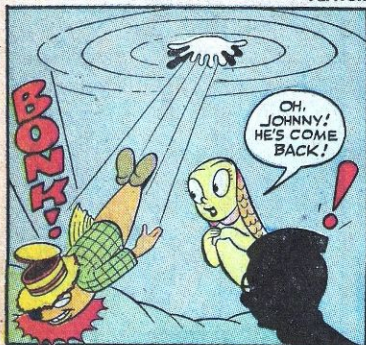






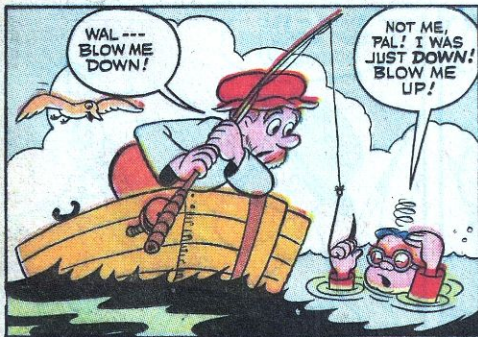




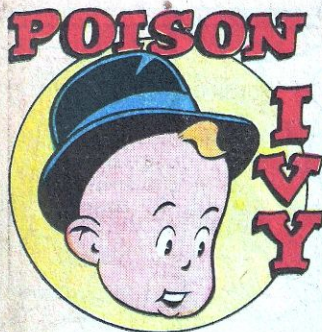




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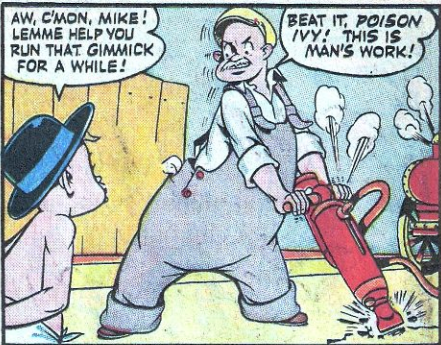






FEATURE COMICS

AW, C'MON, MIKE!  
LEMMIE HELP YOU  
RUN THAT GIMMICK  
FOR A WHILE!



BEAT IT, POISON  
'IVY! THIS IS  
MAN'S WORK!

HANG IT! THE COMPRESSOR'S  
STOPPED AGAIN! NO  
COMPRESSED AIR!



OKAY, POISON --- YOU ASKED  
TO HELP ME OUT! START  
THAT THING AND SEE THAT  
I KEEP GETTING  
AIR PRESSURE!

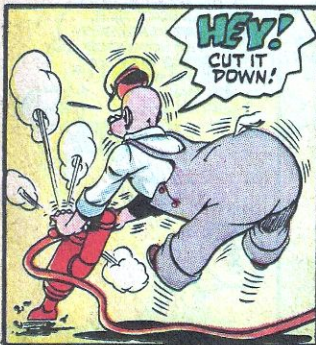


SURE!

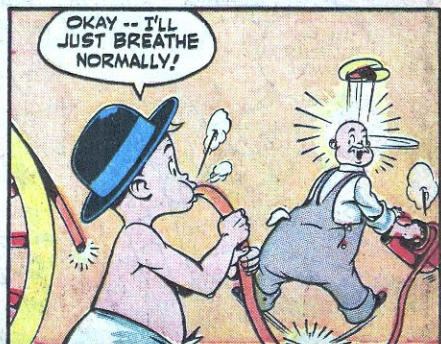
ALL SET,  
MIKE!



HEY!  
CUT IT  
DOWN!



OKAY -- I'LL  
JUST BREATHE  
NORMALLY!

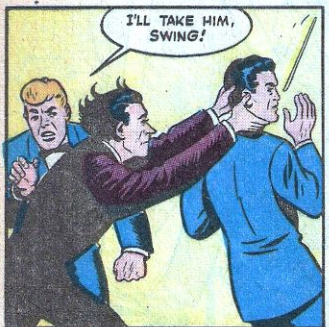








FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



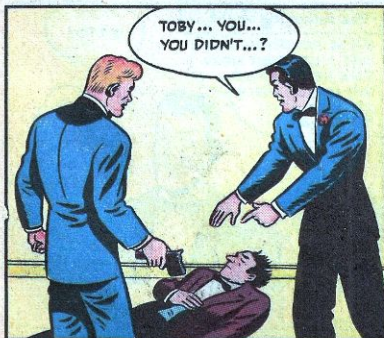


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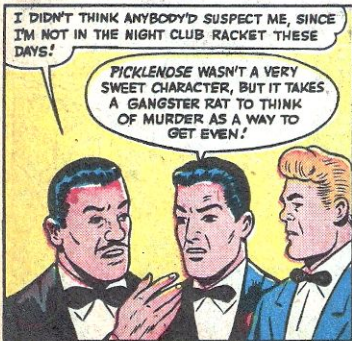


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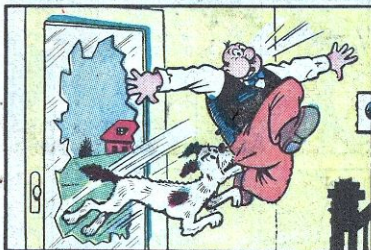
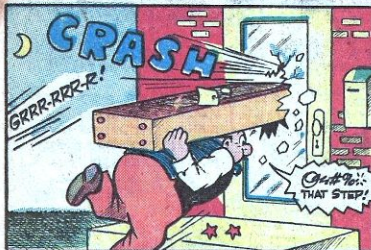


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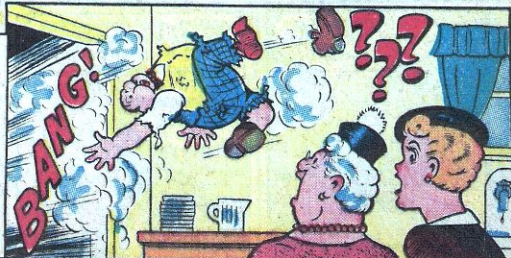
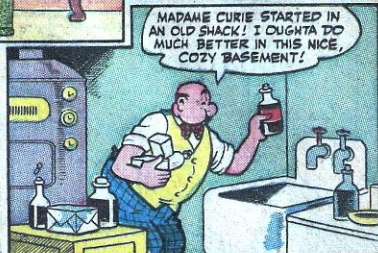
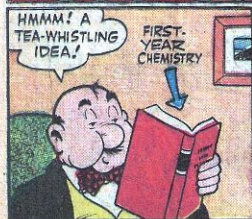


# LALA PALOOZA by DTE



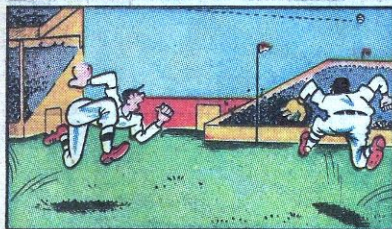
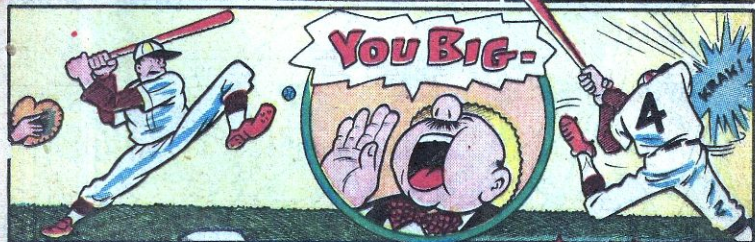


# LALA PALOOZA





# LALA PALOOZA



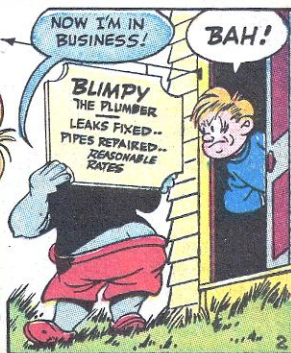
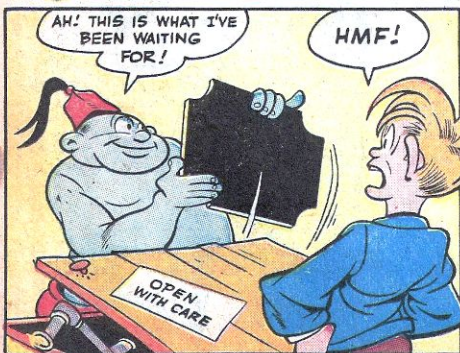
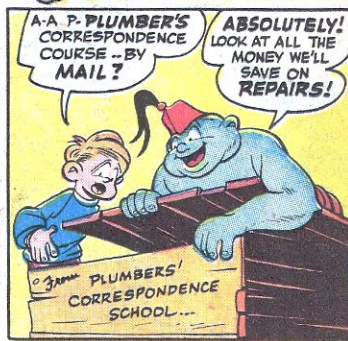
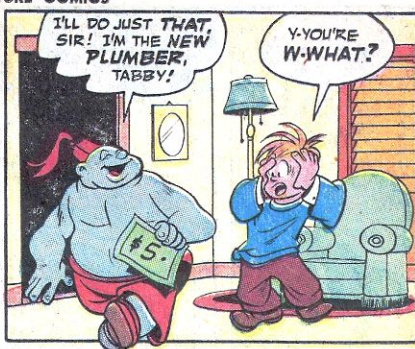


# BLIMPY

by AL STANL





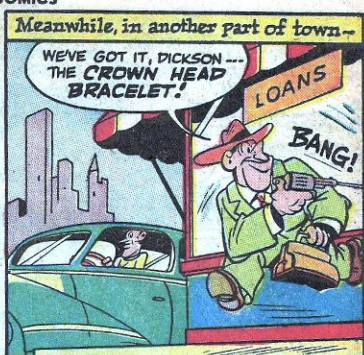




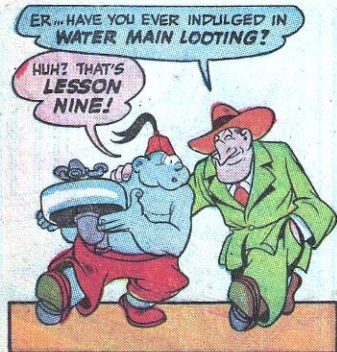
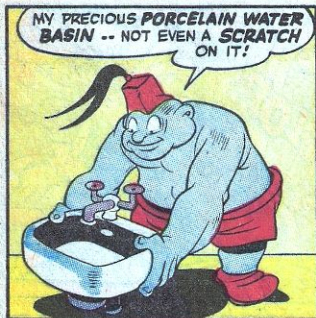
So Blimpy  
embarks  
upon his  
career...



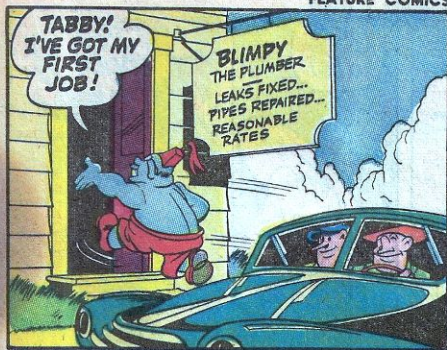




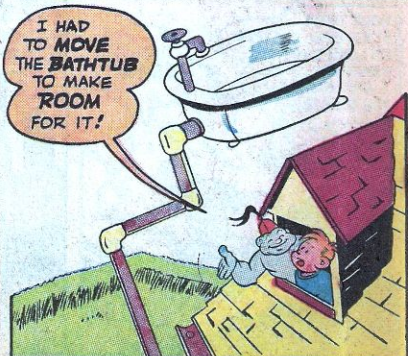
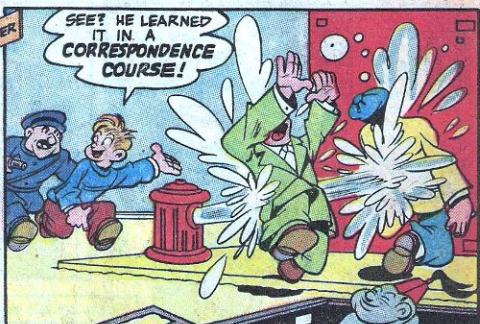












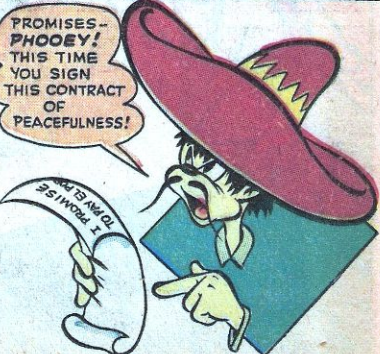
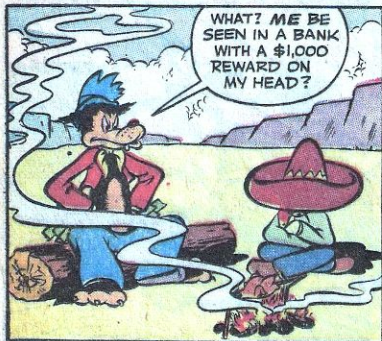
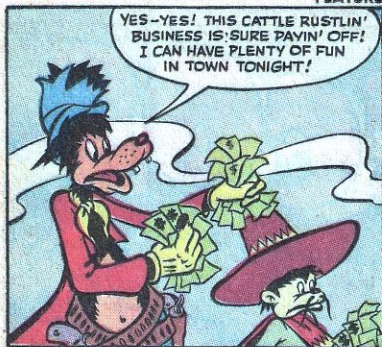


# ROSCOE

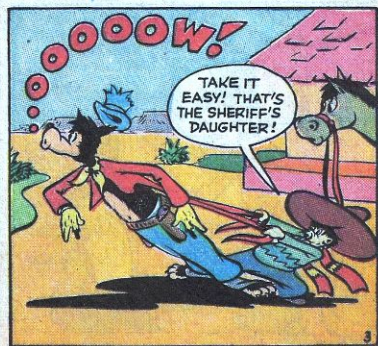
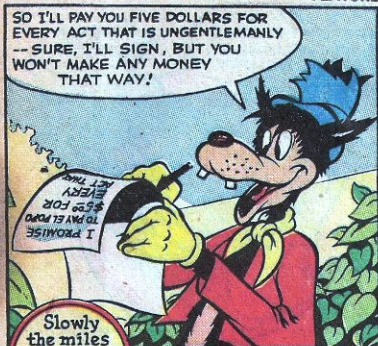
YAAAA  
WHOOOOO!





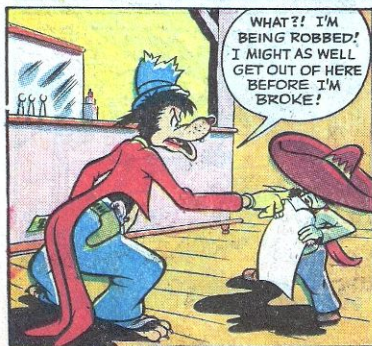
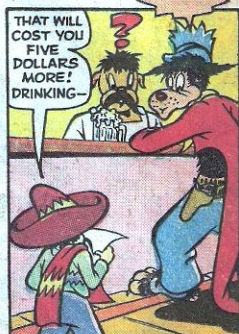
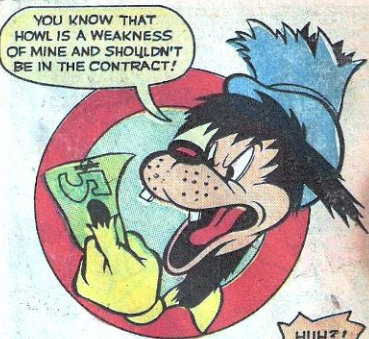








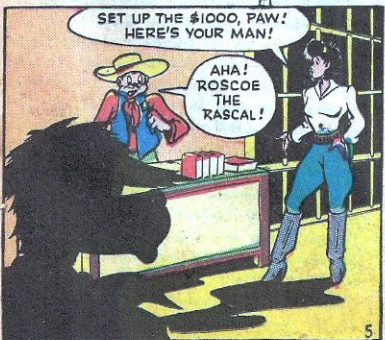
FEATURE COMICS







OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!





# Adventure *in* LA PAZ

**F**LYING fish cut the bow of the cutter *Sark* as she rounded the head of land athwart La Paz and stood off toward the bright-hued little town. La Paz is a place too few people visit. Maybe because it is so many miles south of our border, down in Baja California.

La Paz is a town of mystery, too. Because there in the golden hills rearing behind it, making the town seem like a vivid gem set in a dull gold mounting, have been enacted deeds of derring-do.

Perry Scott knew something of the history of La Paz even before he brought his ship into its bay. But he wasn't prepared for anything like what he inadvertently bumped into. It was in the little cantina, *Serapes Ochos*, that he ran plunk into Senor Jiminez, who knows all there is to know about his own country, and can even stretch a point and tell you about such famous people as Simon Bolivar, South America's great Liberator. What there is to know about Mexico's Juarez, Senor Jiminez knows. But of all things he knows the story of William Walker.

Perry and his mate were eating tacos and frijoles at a small table in the corner of the cantina when a shadow fell across their plates. They looked up into the smiling countenance of Senor Jiminez.

"Buanos dias!" greeted Jiminez, bowing and removing his huge colorful sombrero. "It ees the pleasure, no? Wiz zee Americanos I am zee friend, yes! Welcome to La Paz, amigos!"

Scott shook hands with the little man and asked him to be seated. He called the waiter. Soon Senor Jiminez was eating and drinking with every manifestation of delight. When he had finished, he said with a bright smile, "Would the senors be interested in a great story—the tale of which I alone can tell?"

"Sure," said Perry. "What story is this, senor?"

"Ah!" Senor Jiminez breathed ecstatically and closed his eyes for a moment as if reliving the beautiful scenes. He puffed out his fat cheeks. "Come, mi amigos," he said. "To my apartado on the hill. There I shall regale you with zees great tale, yes?"

There was nothing pressing at the moment, so

Perry indicated their willingness to accompany Jiminez. He paid the bill, too, which was to be expected. A man with a great tale to tell is certainly not supposed to pay for luncheon!

Senor Jiminez' small house on the hill overlooking La Paz was a place of delight and garish color. He clapped his hands and a mestizo ran into the patio. The senor gave a quick order in soft Spanish.

"Now, gentlemen," he began, and it was noticeable that he forgot to feign his former strong accent. That accent business often caught unwary Northern tourists.

"My own noble grandfather was a member of the William Walker party," said Jiminez proudly. "And I tell it to you even as he told it to me when I was only a tiny one. Listen."

Walker was a hot-head (began Jiminez). Financed with "Bonds of the Republic of Lower California and Sonora" that sold like hotcakes in the waterfront dives of San Francisco during the gold rush, Walker recruited an army of some 50 men. He chartered the seamy old brig 'Caroline' and, with her running lights like murky fire-flies in the fog, he sailed down the California coast, rounded San Jose del Cabo, and "conquered" La Paz.

At that time—1853—La Paz was the queen city of the Mexican peninsula of Baja California.

Disembarking without opposition, he led his guerrillas through the friendly peninsular capital and raised his "flag" over the cuartel: two stars on three stripes, two red enclosing a white. Next he boomed out a few pronounciamentos that would do justice to a Hollywood screen thriller. He declared in force the Napoleonic code, the pro-slavery code of Louisiana—and collected "taxes."

The taxes consisted of mesquite faggots for the 'Caroline's' deck kitchens and provisions for his "troops." Then he sailed back to Ensenada and established his "capital" within jumping distance of the United States Border.

Walker left his thumbprint on La Paz. On the day he re-embarked he ordered his men to fire into a crowd of onlookers. Seven were killed by



the musketry. What the good citizens of California's most delightful city thought about this grim business we can only guess, but it is a lesson in tolerance that they did not seize and kill every one of that band of freebooters.

Senor Jimenez paused and wiped the sweat from his brow. He puffed as if he had been running uphill.

"Is it not a tale for ears?" he gloated.

"But what's it all have to do with—" began Perry.

"Ah," cut in Jimenez grandiloquently. "If I may be excused to proceed, no? It is a tale for listening ears, is this, amigos!"

Perry waved a hand and nodded. Jimenez continued.

At that time the press liked to be lurid; it sold papers. And perhaps nowhere were there more lurid news writers than could be found in California. The San Francisco papers played up Walker's exploits, and more recruits flocked to be members of his ragtag army.

Henry P. Watkins, his business agent, and a boom land operator, arrived at Ensenada with a hundred men in the bark 'Anita,' all armed with everything from squirrel guns to buffalo guns. The arrival of reinforcements and the cash in Watkins' pockets called for a celebration.

Next day, to all the fanfare that five sweating Illinois farm boys could coax out of two drums, two bugles and a fife, paranoiac Walker held a "regimental review." Then he treated his new recruits to the *piece de resistance*.

In full view of his troops, the populace, and astonished visitors aboard the 'Anita,' he had two of his followers shot by a firing squad and two others cruelly flogged for insubordination on the Ensenada parade ground. A more cold-blooded rascal never lived.

After an insane "march" against Sonora which died in its tracks on the deadly Chino Desert below Mexicali, Walker made a stand at La Grulla, just below Ensenada, now the site of a splendid pleasure resort.

So long as Walker played "empire builders" and paid cash for his beef, Mexican ranchers watched the game and bided their time. On the day he ran out of money and began to steal Mexican cattle, he was doomed. They trapped him at La Grulla. Walker fought his way out, but he lost twenty men and had to snipe his way north. After a final

skirmish at Tijuana, he fled across the border and surrendered to Major McKinstry of the United States Army.

On a wink from Jefferson Davis, then proslavery Secretary of War, Walker wriggled out of his noose, developed plans for conquest farther south. He did all right in Nicaragua. Also in Costa Rica. But in Honduras it was different. They shot him. A staggering loss.

Perry Scott grinned. "Good end to a bad hombre, eh?"

Jimenez spread his hands deprecatingly. "Ah, but she is not finished, no. There is much, much more to the story, senores!"

"Oh?" said Perry. "Well—"

Jimenez bounced to his feet. "Come," he said. "You must accompany me in order to hear the rest of this so great tale." He started out of the patio, turning to see that his audience was under way. Like a fat little dog he waddled down the hill, pausing now and then to chuckle at some overly-burdened mule piled high with fire wood or melons going to market.

When Jimenez again reached the cantina, he hesitated, looking questioningly at his two friends.

After another "treat" in the shady interior of the cantina, Senor Jimenez led his compadres to the lower center of town and turned toward the waterfront.

After some minutes of dickering with a slouchy dock man, Jimenez hired a small dory and invited his friends to board.

"Where away?" asked Perry.

"A short row only out into the bay," Jimenez said, taking his place on a thwart and lifting the oars.

Perry and his mate got in and sat down. Jimenez rowed for two hundred yards, then stopped the boat and pointed down. "Look!" he said.

They looked. The sun was bright on the water and the water was crystal clear. Far down, Perry at last made out the superstructure of a schooner.

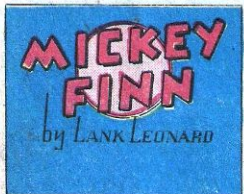
"The 'Anita,'" said Senor Jimenez, beaming. "You see, senores, they didn't shoot William Walker in Honduras, as the story goes. They shot his effigy in the square. Then they sent him back here in his own boat in chains. He rests there, still in his own ship."

"You mean," said Perry.

"My own grandfather, the alcalde, sank the boat with William Walker still on board, in chains!"

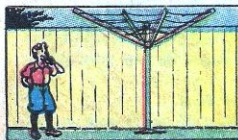


FEATURE COMICS



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard





FEATURE COMICS

# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard





FEATURE COMICS



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard





# FEATURE COMICS

## MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

SUNNY IS GOING TO BE LATE FOR SUPPER AGAIN! I'M AFRAID WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM TAKE THAT NEWSPAPER ROUTE!

NONSENSE! IT'LL DO HIM A LOT OF GOOD! IT'LL NOT ONLY MAKE HIM SMART BUT IT'LL TEACH HIM RESPONSIBILITY!

WHY, HELLO, BUCKLEY—WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHERE'S THAT NIT-WIT KID YOU'RE RAISIN'? HE FORGOT TO DELIVER MY PAPERS!

NOW JUST A MINUTE, BUCKLEY—THE BOY IS NO NIT-WIT! THERE'S QUITE A WIND TONIGHT, MAYBE THEY WERE BLOWN AWAY!

BLOWN AWAY, NOTHIN'! I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER FOR 'EM! TELL HIM TO COME OUT HERE!

HE'S NOT HOME YET, BUCKLEY! BUT WHY BE SO EXCITED?—IF HE FORGOT, I'LL SEND HIM OVER WITH 'EM AS SOON AS HE COMES IN!

YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER! FROM NOW ON, I'LL GET 'EM FROM SOME BOY THAT HAS BRAINS! GOOD NIGHT!

IT'S TOO BAD THAT IT HAD TO BE AN OLD PENNY-PINCHER LIKE BUCKLEY, THAT HE FORGOT!

YEAH—THAT GUY IS SO MEAN HE EVEN HATES HIMSELF!

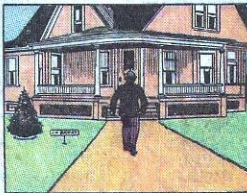
HERE COMES SUNNY NOW!

BUT I DID DELIVER MR. BUCKLEY'S PAPERS, UNCLE PHIL! I PUT THEM UNDER THE MAT ON HIS PORCH!

UNDER THE MAT?

SURE—SO THEY WOULDN'T BLOW AWAY!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



AH!

MR. BUCKLEY! ARE YOU SURE YOU LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR THOSE PAPERS?

LISTEN, STUPID! I SAID I DID, DIDN'T I?

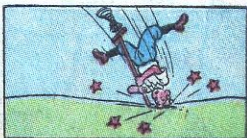
WELL, DON'T GIVE UP—YOU'RE GETTIN' WARM!

NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

IT MAY BE A LITTLE TOO SPRINGY, NIPPIE!

OH, NO! I CAN CONTROL THAT, DON'T WORRY!

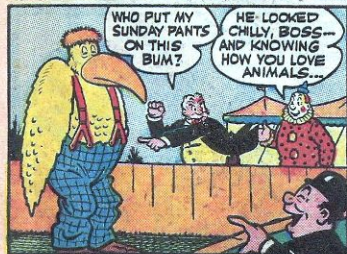
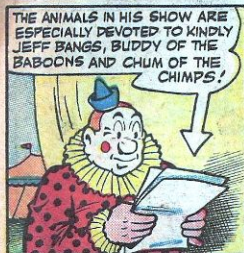








# BIG TOP

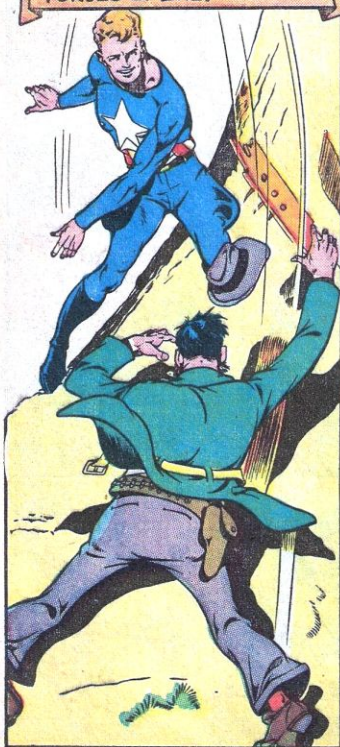




# Rusty RYAN

and The BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS

What's the younger generation coming to!!! Rusty Ryan and his BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS are a grim YOUTH problem -- TO THE FORCES OF EVIL!



CLAM CHOWDER ALMOST READY, ALABAMA? IT'LL BE WELCOME!

MISTAH RUSTY-- SUMPIN' TELLS ME WE AIN'T WELCOME!



DON'T YOU SEE THAT SIGN AT THE HIGH-TIDE MARK?

BUT WE'RE ON LOW-TIDE BEACH--REALLY THE SEA BOTTOM! CAN'T WE STAY WITHOUT GIVING TROUBLE?



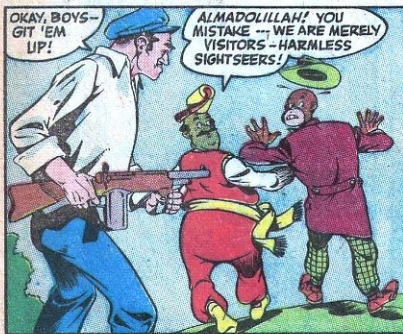
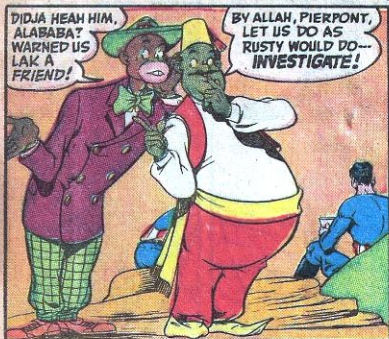
I'M NOT TRYING TO SCARE YOU! I'M WARNING YOU AS A FRIEND --THIS PLACE ISN'T HEALTHY!

OH, I THINK OUR HEALTH WILL STAND IT!



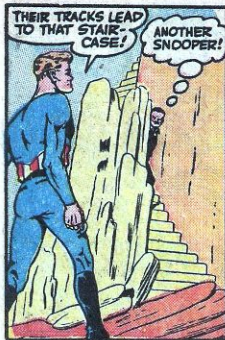


FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS

A CLUMSY LIE! WE BUILT OUR FOUNDRY HERE TO PERFECT AND MANUFACTURE OUR NEW ALLOY... WORTH A TREMENDOUS FORTUNE! ONE OF OUR COMPETITORS FOUND OUT AND SENT YOU TO SMELL OUT THE FORMULA!



I'D ORDER YOUR DEATH RIGHT NOW BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU TELL ME WHO YOUR EMPLOYER IS!



KILLING THESE JERKS WOULD BE A PLEASURE, BOSS!



LOCK THEM UP IN THE STOREHOUSE! I'LL GIVE THEM ONE HOUR TO DECIDE TO TALK! AND I'LL SPEND THAT HOUR IN DECIDING WHAT TO DO IF THEY DON'T!



HMMM—CLEVER PAIR—SIMULATE IGNORANCE LIKE MASTER ACTORS! THEY'LL BE HARD TO FORCE INTO TELLING THE TRUTH!



THEY ARE TELLING THE TRUTH! THEY CAME HERE BY CHANCE AND THEY DON'T KNOW OR CARE ABOUT YOUR SECRET FORMULA AND FORTUNES!



NONSENSE, YOUNG MAN! I CAN TELL SPIES WHEN I SEE THEM! I—

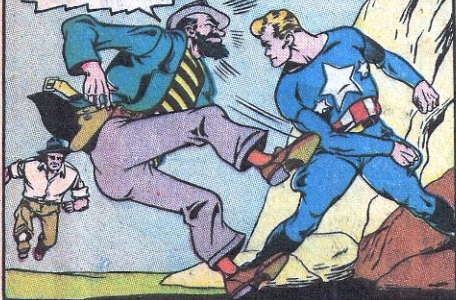


WAIT! YOU'RE ONE OF THAT BUNCH I ORDERED OFF THE BEACH!

BUT WE'RE NOT TAKING ORDERS FROM YOU!



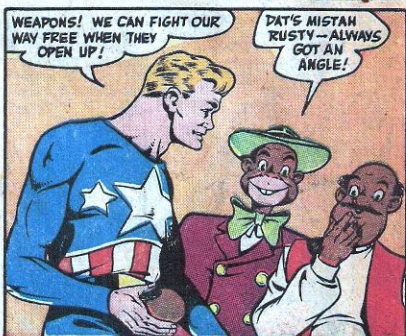
ANOTHER SPY! QUICK—OWWW!



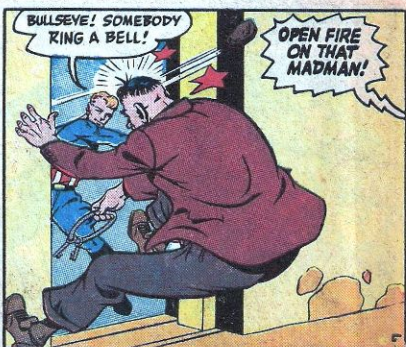
YOU MINOR EMPLOYEES BETTER ASK FOR A BONUS ON THIS KIND OF WORK!



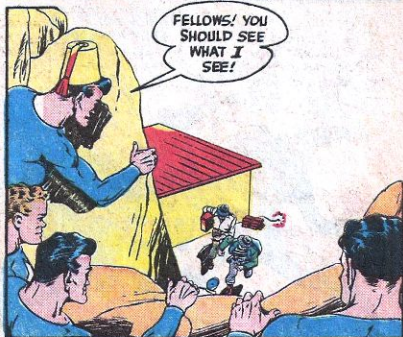




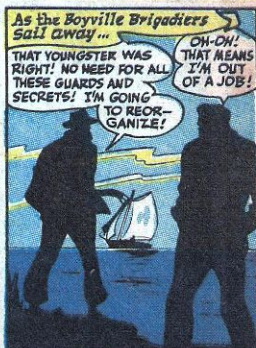
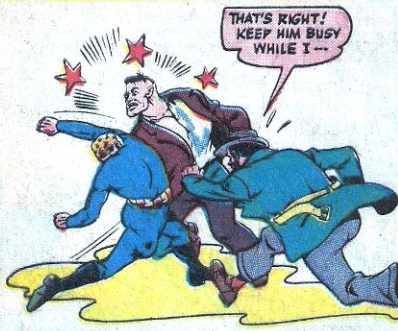
Soon... after THE BOSS has recovered ...





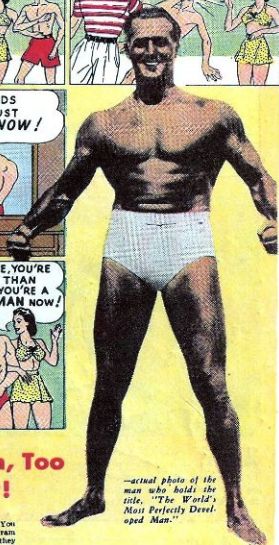








# The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

## I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a serf, 47-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It! Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, brighter eyes, clear

head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 330H 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330H

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

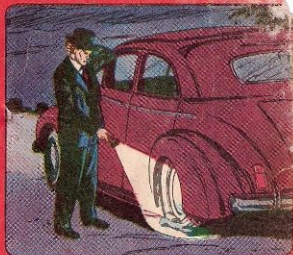
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☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



# How to CHANGE A TIRE AT NIGHT—

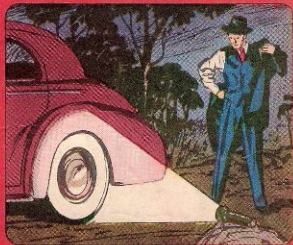
*More Quickly—More Safely!*



**1** Most any motorist can change a tire. But few can change it at night with top speed, efficiency—and *safety*! Night-time tire-changing can be hazardous—but your "Eveready" flashlight can reduce the danger. First principle, says the American Automobile Association, is . . .



**2** Park off the highway, if you can possibly do so. Next best place is on a *straight* stretch of road where you can be seen for at least 500 feet. If you must park on a curve, a light should be set on the road some distance back. Be sure neither you nor a bystander blocks off the view of your tail-light!



**3** Keep all your tire-changing tools tied or boxed together, where you can pick them up without searching or fumbling. Remove your spare *before* jacking up the car; removing it later might push your car off the jack. If alone, set flashlight on a stone in convenient position.

**4** In your car or at home—wherever you need a flashlight—rely only on "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name. For "Eveready" batteries have no equals . . . that's why you'll find them in *more* flashlights than any other battery in the world!

**NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.**

30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide **UCC** and Carbon Corporation

The registered trademark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

**EVEREADY**  
TRADE-MARK



For  
**EXTRA POWER,  
EXTRA LIGHT  
—AT NO  
EXTRA COST**